

GRAIN TO PIGEONS YIELDS ARREST

Hereditary Benefactor of
Madison Square Birds
Harrows Police.

LITTERED SIDEWALK, DECLARES ACCUSER

But Court Fails To Be Impressed
and Feathered Friends Con-
tinue to Eat.

The pigeons that live in the towers of Madison Square Garden are wise birds. Out of their experience in foraging for themselves and their young they have come to have a shrewd understanding of human nature. They are familiar with the ways and wiles of the ferocious short-trousered policeman, whose caress means the end of liberty; they know the men and women who pass the Garden by thousands, not even giving them a glance—and they know, among a million, old Mr. McKee.

So it isn't very likely the pigeons lost any of their faith at feeding time yesterday when old Mr. McKee and his bag of grain did not appear. They must have known, from their own observations, if not through the tales oiled down through ten years of pigeon generations, they would not be neglected long.

While his protégés were tightening their feather belts old Mr. McKee, for once without his grain bag, was before Magistrate Frothingham in the Yorkville Court. A policeman towered on either side of him, and there were more uniformed men at the door, ready to do their duty should the desperado at the bar make a break for it.

In a grave voice Policeman Barret, of the East Thirty-fifth Street station, being duly sworn, preferred his charges.

"The prisoner, your honor," he said, "is Frank L. McKee. He lives at 87 Lexington Avenue, is a bachelor, white, and by trade a retired merchant. On Thursday last, December 9, I caught him littering the sidewalk in front of 68 Madison Avenue. Complaints had been made, and I served him with a summons."

Spreading Cheer for 10 Years.
"It is just," protested the prisoner, "what I have been doing for the last ten years. What the officer calls 'litter' was clean grain. I buy the grain ten pounds at a time to feed to the pigeons. They have no other regular food supply. These pigeons depend on me, as they used to depend on an old friend of mine. If it is necessary I shall go to the Street Commissioner and get a permit that will enable me to defy the whole Police Department, for my friends must eat."

The guardian policeman, not surprised to hear the prisoner was an old offender, tightened their grip and clicked disapproval of his threat. To their surprise, the magistrate at-

tracted not to have heard all the prisoner said. There were many other cases ahead.

"Case dismissed!" he snapped. "Advise you, Mr. McKee, feed pigeons in park after this, not on sidewalk!"

When a reporter dropped around to his bachelor quarters in Lexington Avenue the pigeons' friend told a part of his story which had not found its way into his testimony.

Before old Mr. McKee fell heir to the grain bag and its attendant responsibilities, it seemed, there was an old Mr. Cary, who used to look out for the material needs of the pigeons of the Garden roof. He, like old Mr. McKee, was a bachelor and lonely.

The pigeons brought the two together, old Mr. McKee—who was comparatively young—then becoming a sort of assistant guardian of the flock.

Year after year old Mr. Cary and old Mr. McKee met outside the Garden twice a day. When the feeding was over they would walk down to the park, sit on a bench and plan for the future of their dependants. Often Charley, a pigeon of which they had made an especial pet, would sit in at the conferences, so the grain bag really made three friends instead of two.

Death Ends Career of Kindness.
Then one day Charley—"Old Charley"—he would have been by right a pigeon showed their age as men do—quietly disappeared. It wasn't long afterward that old Mr. Cary disappeared in the same quiet way; only in the case of old Mr. Cary the survivor of the triumvirate read the reason among the death notices.

It was a contingency which had not been overlooked. Old Mr. McKee, as had been agreed, automatically became head guardian of the flock of roof-dwellers.

"I don't see how they can stop me," old Mr. McKee would say, when the rest of the story had been told. "My lawyer has been trying to get in touch with the Street Cleaning Department, but Saturday afternoon seems to be a poor time to catch city officials."

"Have the pigeons been fed today?" asked the reporter. "What are they going to eat while you're getting a permit to feed them?"

Old Mr. McKee removed his glasses, which had become clouded as he told of the demise of old Mr. Cary and Charley. His blue eyes twinkled shrewdly.

"Young man," he reproached, "you're not going to ask me to incriminate myself, are you?"

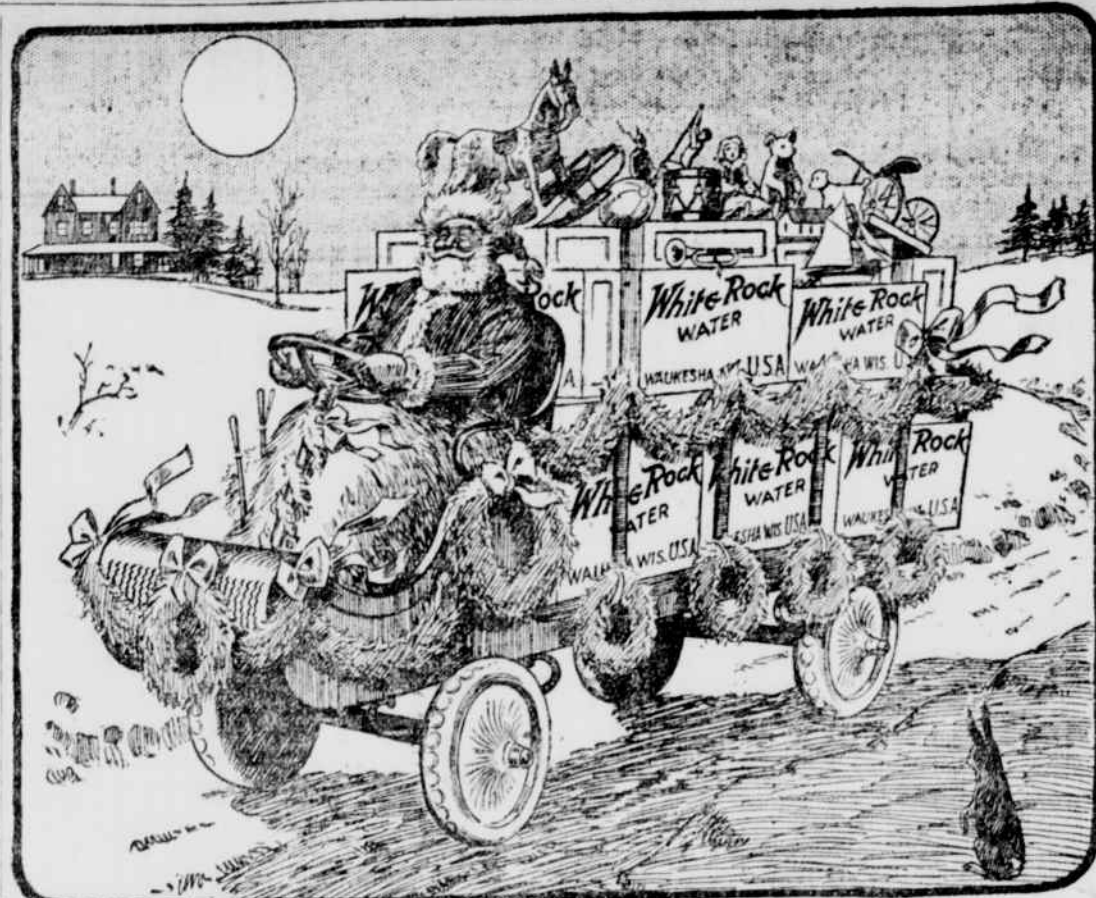
VASSAR ENDS GIRLS' PUMPKIN POACHING

College Buys Farm, So Students' Halloween Pies Lose Flavor.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Dec. 11.—No more will pumpkin poaching add to the fun of the Halloween season at Vassar College. The announcement today that the trustees had purchased a farm of 100 acres adjoining the campus was received by the girls with regret. Of all the attractive features about the farm the unusually large and reliable pumpkin crop is most famous.

On the moonlight night of October 29, the farmer encountered a procession of twelve girls departing from his farm with his twelve largest pumpkins. "Confiscated for Halloween," they told him as they fled.

Now the farmer's troubles and the girls' escapades are over. Members of the Household Dietetic Society are the only ones who are satisfied. In the acquisition of more pumpkin pies to the dining hall, they see ample justification for the purchase of the farm. And as far as poaching for Halloween decorations, there are other farms, say they.



Santa Claus now includes the unsurpassed mineral water White Rock among his tokens of the Yuletide.

CASHIER HELD UP AND \$1,000 STOLEN

Four Bandits Flee with
Payroll for Chair Fac-
tory Employees.

An ill wind and four highwaymen blew down on Benjamin Patterson, cashier at P. Derby & Co.'s chair factory, 447 Communipaw Avenue, Jersey City, late yesterday afternoon before the street lamps had been lighted.

While the wind blinded him with dust and almost took away his breath, the bandits clubbed him over the head and ran away with a sack containing \$1,000—the payroll for the factory employees.

Weak from four gashes in his scalp, Patterson crawled thirty feet to the factory office to report that he had been robbed within sight of his associates. Safe in an inside pocket of his coat he had the office payroll of \$500.

Just as he has done every Saturday afternoon for several years, the cashier went to a New York bank yesterday to get money for the payroll. To reach his office he had to walk along a lonely stretch of Communipaw Avenue, near the bridge over the Morris Canal.

"A tremendous wind blew down the street when I was within sight of the factory," he told Chief Frank Monahan, of the Jersey City police. "My eyes were filled with dust, and I had to turn around to get my breath. Just then two men jumped out in front of me and two more behind me. Down came the blackjacks, and my satchel was snatched away."

Officials of P. Derby & Co. notified the police and had Patterson taken to the City Hospital. Dr. St. John, who dressed his wounds, said that the highwaymen must have used clubs instead of blackjacks. His injuries were not serious, however, and he was permitted to return to his home in Pompton, N. J.

The Jersey City police notified Lieutenant Fogarty at Manhattan Headquarters last night, to have detectives on the lookout for three men who were noticed hanging around a saloon near the scene of the hold-up yesterday afternoon. From the saloonkeeper, whose name the police will not disclose, they obtained an accurate description of the men.

"Every once in a while one of them would step outdoors, look down the street, and come back mumbling: 'I wonder why he doesn't come,'" the saloonkeeper is said to have told Chief Monahan. Because the men had never been seen in that district before, the Jersey City police think that they came from New York to lie in wait for Patterson.

A squad of detectives was sent out last night to make a round of highwaymen's hangouts in search for the men.

Y. W. C. A. CORNERSTONE LAID

Women Hold Foundation Ceremony of
Building for Central Branch.

The cornerstone of the Central Branch of the Young Women's Christian Association was laid yesterday at Lexington Avenue and Fifty-third Street. About 350 or 400 people, mostly women, were present. Among them were five of the charter members of the organization in the metropolitan district, organized in 1870. They were Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, Mrs. James Talcott, Mrs. Hiram W. Sibley, Mrs. Richard A. Dorman and Miss G. B. Ballard. Miss Emily B. Wilson, chairman of the Central Branch, presided.

George W. Perkins, chairman of the board of trustees of the district, said that the work of the organization had proved so beneficial that the city had come forward with whatever funds were required, and he expects to see many other branches erected as they are found necessary to look after the interests of the women industrial workers.

SHORT COAL BUCKETS DUPE TENEMENT POOR

Hartigan Traps Dealers Who
Swell Big Profits by Fraud.

Commissioner Joseph Hartigan of the Bureau of Weights and Measures has begun a campaign against the impostors on the poor people of the tenements perpetrated by the small dealers who sell coal in buckets and pails from basement stores.

Within the last three days, in the districts of Manhattan known as "cold water tenement neighborhoods," eighteen arrests were made and forty-eight pails, buckets and short measures were confiscated by inspectors of the bureau.

Each defendant was either fined by a police magistrate or held for trial in Special Sessions. There are more than 15,000 of these basement dealers in coal, ice and wood. They buy their coal at wholesale at \$7.25 a ton and sell to the poor consumer at the rate of from \$18 to \$20 a ton.

SKY A BILLBOARD FOR DEFENCE AD

Domenjov Loops, Trots
and Volplanes to Edu-
cate Public.

(From a Staff Correspondent of THE TRIBUNE.)
Goshen, N. Y., Dec. 11.—When Juan Domenjov, the daring Swiss aviator, on whom the mantle of Pégoud has fallen, looped and spiraled and volplaned over the main street of this town today he did more than cause the straws to fall from the open mouths of the marvelling populace. He did more than draw a big crowd to buy tags for the benefit of the Goshen Emergency Hospital. What he really did was to usher in a campaign of public education on the subject of aeroplanes and aerial defence which will result in the construction of a great plant for the manufacture of aeroplanes in the United States the equal of any in Europe.

Grant Hugh Browne, promoter and close associate of Thomas F. Ryan, is the man who is sponsor for Domenjov and the man who plans to commercialize the proposition of aeroplane needs in this country. Mr. Browne, it may be recalled, was the man who in London, summer before last, chartered the Viking and offered to take any one home for \$500, while numerous committees on American relief were still discussing ways and means.

"This country will never get anywhere if it depends on defense societies to provide against foreign attacks. A bunch of men who like to smoke cigars and have an annual dinner can never evolve an efficient scheme. The business must be commercialized. When we have an organization that can turn out fifty machines a week we can begin to feel that we are accomplishing something."

Before such a plant can be made to pay it is necessary that the government be its customer. And before the government can be interested, the people of this country must be made to see the absolute necessity of the aeroplane as a means of defence. It is for this reason that Mr. Domenjov has been hired, said Mr. Browne, as his complete mastery over the machine cannot fail to inspire confidence in its possibilities.

In pursuance of this idea, Domenjov is to make a tour of this country, flying in nearly every state. The site for the plant has also been chosen, at Ogdensburg, N. Y., where forty acres of land and \$50,000 in cash have been offered to the new company as an inducement.

If it was Domenjov's scheme to convince earthly creatures that a Bleriot is a mild and tractable thing, which can be stood on its head with ease and safety, he was entirely successful in the case of persons living here and within a radius of twenty-five miles. The aviator's first flight was scheduled for 10 o'clock, but, as the machine came all the way from Sheepshead Bay by motor truck, it took some time to assemble the party.

At 12:30, however, the graceful monoplane took wing in a pasture and hummed off toward the village proper. A section of atmosphere directly above the railroad station seemed as free from obstruction as any to Domenjov, and he started his acrobatic antics with a spiral descent of about 1,000 feet. Several pretzels and figure eights were thrown in, and for a good measure he turkey-trotted through the sky for 500 yards.

In the afternoon two flights were made. In the first Domenjov helped his digestion by turning six or a dozen somersaults, and in the last he volplaned 2,000 feet for a perfect landing in Mr. Browne's back yard.

Domenjov, who is twenty-nine years old, but only weighs about 120 pounds, and is about five feet four inches tall, was introduced to a crowded house of movie fans at the opera house this evening, when Mr. Browne gave out the prizes to the girls who were the most successful tappers.

W. C. M'DONOUGH, EX-PUGILIST, DEAD

Detective Sergeant Quit/Prize
Ring for Police Ten Years Ago.

Detective Sergeant William C. McDonough, thirty-four, of Brooklyn Police Headquarters, who ten years ago, under the name of "Willie Mack," was a well known lightweight pugilist, died at his home, 1234 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, on Friday night.

McDonough was at one time amateur light weight champion of the world. At seventeen, while working in the pressroom of a morning paper, Willie became interested in pugilism through Joe Cairne, boxing instructor of the old Brooklyn Athletic Club.

James J. Corbett became interested in Mack, and he turned professional. He fought and beat such men as Willie Fitzgerald. Later he trained Young Corbett for the fight that won for him the lightweight championship from Terry McGovern.

Ten years ago he took the examination for the police, and topped a list of 1,500 successful candidates. While still on probation and without a uniform McDonough broke up a bad gang, the leader of which after his arrest boasted that it took a prizefighter to do it. Eighteen months after his appointment McDonough was sent to the Detective Bureau.

Another death made public yesterday was that of William B. Connor, of the East 104th Street station. Connor, who was twenty-three years old, was ap-

5 SEIZE BOATS; FLEE WORKHOUSE

Two Overtaken While Rowing
Frantically from Hart's
Island.

Five prisoners made a break for liberty from the workhouse on Hart's Island, under cover of darkness, early yesterday. They broke into the boat-house on the Hunter estate at the north end of the island, took two rowboats and pulled away for the Long Island shore.

Quick discovery of the escape, and pursuit in the motor boat owned by the Department of Correction, led to the capture of three of the prisoners. The two still at large, as reported by the department, are Edward Marsden and William Mousen. Marsden was serving a year for larceny, and Mousen a year for violation of the Bowery law.

Commissioner Katherine B. Davis of the Department of Correction preferred charges of neglect of duty against Warden Henry Schleth, Michael Casey, an orderly, and Harry Boam, night cook.

Casey and Boam discovered that the five men had disappeared shortly after 3 a. m. Casey had charge of the power house. For half an hour they searched the island and then notified the warden. An alarm was sounded and the island was searched again. It was found that two rowboats were missing from the boat-house on the Hunter estate.

With three keepers the warden boarded the department launch and headed for the Long Island shore. Then it was that a boat was seen making for City Island. Turning the searchlight on the little craft, one of the fugitives was seen rowing frantically. The warden came alongside and the men were taken aboard. The two had worked in the kitchen at the workhouse.

About 9 o'clock yesterday morning Under Sheriff W. H. Niesingel, of Great Neck, Long Island, arrested a half frozen wretch who answered the description of one of the missing men. On the railroad station in that town, Niesingel communicated with Warden Schleth, who identified the man. The prisoner said that Marsden and Mousen had left him an hour before. A search of Great Neck was begun, but the men were still at large last evening.

635 SAIL ON THE ST. LOUIS

Many Going to Celebrate Christmas
with Soldier Friends.

The American liner St. Louis sailed for England yesterday with 635 passengers. Many of the passengers expect to spend the holidays with husbands, brothers or friends who will celebrate Christmas with a short furlough from the trenches. The sailing was delayed for half an hour while the baggage of late-comers was being examined.

Among the passengers were Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt, Rita Jolivet, Mrs. Clifford Sifton, Sir H. F. Donaldson and Robert Woods Bliss, secretary of the American Embassy at Paris.

In the heavy miscellaneous cargo was 1,400 bars of silver for coining, worth about \$700,000.

WANT FORD FOR PRESIDENT

Nebraska Republicans File Name of
Peace Crusader as Candidate.

Lincoln, Neb., Dec. 11.—The name of Henry Ford, Detroit manufacturer and peace advocate, was today filed as a candidate for the Presidential nomination in the Nebraska Republican primaries, to be held next April. The petition was filed by Omaha Republican. The names of three candidates for the Republican nomination are now on file in Nebraska. They are Senator Theodore Burton, of Ohio; Mayor William Hale Thompson, of Chicago, and Mr. Ford. Woodrow Wilson is the only Democrat named.

NUGENT MORTGAGE HOLDINGS

Smith's Son-in-Law Puts \$100,000
Blanket on His Realty.

Newark, N. J., Dec. 11.—James R. Nugent, son-in-law and political associate of ex-Senator "Jim" Smith, who recently to-day placed a blanket mortgage of \$100,000 on all his real estate holdings in this state and Staten Island. The document has been filed in the register's office and was given to the Franz Realty Company, of this city. The estimated value of the property mentioned in the mortgage is \$200,000.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1915

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34th Street—New York

Fashionable Fur Coats and Furs

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Offered at Greatly Reduced Prices

Caracul Coats Fashionable full flare model; natural skunk chin-chin collar; 40 inches long. Actual Value \$95.00	65.00	Trimmed Hudson Seal Coats Selected Hudson seal; natural skunk trimmed; full flare model; 45 inches long. Actual Value \$210.00	150.00
Trimmed Hudson Seal Coats Superior Hudson seal; flare model; natural skunk trimmed; 42 and 45 inches long. Actual Value \$125.00	85.00	Trimmed Hudson Seal Coats New loose model; natural skunk, sable, squirrel or nutria trimmed; 48 ins. long. Actual Value \$275.00	185.00
Trimmed Hudson Seal Coats Superior Hudson seal; collar, cuffs and border of natural skunk; 45 inches long. Actual Value \$195.00	135.00	Trimmed Hudson Seal Coats French model; cut very loose from shoulder; collar, cuffs and border of skunk.	250.00

Separate Fur Muffs and Scarfs

Scarfs	Muffs
20.00 Actual value 27.50	White Fox Actual value 52.80 37.50
12.50 Actual value 18.00	Beaver Actual value 25.00 18.00
29.75 Actual value 42.50	Blue Fox (dyed) Actual value 52.50 37.50
13.50 Actual value 18.00	Red Fox Actual value 25.00 15.00
12.50 Actual value 18.00	Natural Lynx Actual value 25.00 18.00
10.75 Actual value 15.00	Natural Skunk Actual value 29.75 20.00
12.50 Actual value 18.00	Natural Raccoon Actual value 25.00 15.00
7.00 Actual value 10.00	Dyed Skunk Actual value 18.00 12.50

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Brooklyn
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34th Street—New York

Announce a Special Sale of

Women's Smart Velvet Boots

Eleven inches high, of brown and black velvet; satin lined; hand-turned soles, Louis XV. heels, also black satin.

6.00

Unusual Sale Monday

3500 Women's Attractive Blouses

Dressy and Tailored Blouses, featuring Crepe de Chine, Georgette Crepe, Satin Radium Laces, Embroidered Georgette and Radium Taffeta; also smart combinations.

Actual Values 8.95 to 18.75

2.95 3.95 5.00 8.90

Women's Japanese Silk Kimonos

Imported Japanese Hand-Embroidered Silk Kimonos, in Pink, Light Blue, Rose, Copenhagen and Navy; wide silk sash; China silk lined throughout. Value 6.75

4.95

Women's Quilted Silk Robes

Imported Japanese Silk Robes, in Copenhagen, Rose, Black, Navy, Light Blue and Pink; silk lined throughout. Value 6.50

4.50

Women's Fur Trimmed Corduroy Robes

Full length model, in Copenhagen, Rose, Pink and Light Blue; trimmings of Mouflon Fur; silk lined throughout. Value 12.50

8.75

Sale of Washable Satin Undergarments

Exclusive Oppenheim, Collins & Co.'s models of superior Washable Satin.

Women's Satin Nightgowns..... 4.95 6.90 8.90
Women's Satin Envelope Chemises..... 2.95 3.95 4.95
Women's Satin Underbodices..... 1.00 2.00 2.95
Women's Satin Petticoats..... 3.95 4.95 5.90
Women's Satin Bloomers..... 2.95

3000 Women's Underbodices—Very Special

Attractive and dainty models, of washable satin and silver cloth; lace and ribbon trimmed. 1.50 and 2.00 values

1.00

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Importer
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WE are now showing Bridal Gowns
Matron of Honor Costumes
Bridesmaids' Dresses and Wedding Hats

THESE models were recently secured by Mr. Charles C. Kurzman now in Paris and they represent the newest creations for the wedding

WITH these we are also showing Gowns
Dresses Trimmed Hats Blouses and
Sport Clothes suitable for Midseason Wear
in the City or at the Winter Resorts